

Adult Education Division Reports On Attendance

Prof. W. A. Ballou Releases Interesting Statistics.

The old adage that "one is never too old to learn" appears to be verified, and the psychologist at Columbia, Dr. Thorndike, is justified in his claim that no person on account of age alone should hesitate to undertake the mastery of a new subject. More than twenty per cent of the students attending the evening classes at the Junior College of Connecticut are over thirty years of age.

Statistics compiled by Willard A. Ballou, Director of the Division of Adult Education, which have just been released, reveal that the oldest student is 51 and the youngest 17. They also disclose that this year there is a noticeable increase of approximately ten per cent in the number of those under twenty years of age, while the proportion of those between twenty and thirty remains the same as last year.

COLLEGES REPRESENTED

The evening classes are open to any student whose maturity and experience enable him to profit by the instruction. The figures disclose, however, that one-fourth of the students in these classes have attended other colleges, and that one-third are expecting to go on to the senior college and secure their baccalaureate degree. One-half of the students attending the evening classes are graduates from the high schools of Bridgeport and vicinity. One out of ten is foreign born, while the birth places of the remaining ninety per cent are scattered over eleven different states of the nation.

Ten of the students are unemployed and are making this profitable use of their spare time with the expectation that they are thereby preparing themselves to hold better positions when they again join the ranks of workers.

College Library Adds Literature For Reference

Newly Acquired Books Are Listed By School Librarian.

While students were scattered during the summer vacation, books were collecting at the College Library awaiting their use in the Fall. There were many volumes to help in the outside reading connected with courses of study, and also books on subjects of general interest, as science and biography. Of the latter class Mr. Gama-liel Bradford, our leading American biographer, recently said that their inspiration is: "Tell us about it, and above all tell us how we can do the same or something of the same, and why in the world should we not?" Here are some titles new in our Library this fall—the stories of all kinds of men and women.

Anthony, Katharine
Catherine the Great, a great Russian of past days
Busby, L. W. Uncle Joe Cannon, and his life in United States Congress
Dorsey, G. A.

Evolution of Charles Darwin, who made "Evolution" an issue.
Horn, A. A. Trader Horn, and his life in Africa in early days.
Morrow, H. W. Mary Todd Lincoln, a little known side of President Lincoln's life.

Mussolini, Benito. My Autobiography, authentic story of a world character.
Palmer, G. H.

Life of Alice Freeman Palmer, Pioneer in education for women and president of Wellesley College.

French Club Plans For Active Season At College

"On Dit" Organizes; Burnham Robinson Elected President.

"On Dit", the chartered French club of the Junior College, held its first meeting and election on November 20. The new officers of this organization are: President Burnham Robinson, Vice-President, Antoinette Cubelli, and Secretary-Treasurer, Marie Baggarly. The Committee of Program arrangement is composed of Arnold Olson, Joan Rose, and Sarah Magilnick; their duty is to plan and present interesting and varied programs when the club meets. It was found that 10:30 on Fridays is the most suitable hour for all its members and friends to attend.

A Committee for reviewing Roman's "Knock", a modern comedy in French, was chosen consisting of Sophie Mallay and Arnold Olson. They are to decide upon the advisability and feasibility of producing it as a work of the On Dit.

It was voted unanimously to present the balance of last year's treasury to the Scribe, as a token of their appreciation of its efforts.

The On Dit, chartered last year, proposes to extend the influence of the French language and culture to all past or present students of French, and those interested in dramatics. It is led this year, as in former years, by Professor Pierre S. Zampiere, who is well qualified to head such a group.

REPORT OF PAST YEAR

Last year's play "Les Précieuses Ridicules" was not presented because of the fear of a lack of response on the part of the residents of Bridgeport and vicinity who are interested in French Dramatics and the work of the inimitable Molière.

Members of last year's cast included: Alma Nichols, Sophie Mallay, Grace Mitchell, Arnold Olson, John McDonald, Victor Swain and Samuel Wolch. It was ably coached by Miss Valentine Contin and Mrs. Andrew Muirhead who generously gave of their time and dramatic experience to make it succeed.

The club's meetings are conducted entirely in French, led by Burnham Robinson who has spent many years in France and knows the language as a native Frenchman. On Dit meetings of past years have included talks on France, songs, games, musical selections, and solos, together with readings and reports of various committees and groups.

Its next meeting is to be held on Friday, January 8, to which any new candidates are cordially invited.

Potocka, Countess. Memoirs, life and politics in Poland.
Townsend, W. & L.

The Prince of Wales, why he belongs to the world as much as to England.

Tumulty, J. P.
Woodrow Wilson as I Know Him, by the President's secretary.
Vierrick, G. S. Glimpses of the Great, interviews with prominent Europeans.

Next to books about people, those of general knowledge and science, such as follow, are widely read. Some of these are new and others not so new, but well-known; their titles will describe them.
Wood, Clement

Outline of Man's Knowledge
Wiggam, A. E.

New Decalog of Science
Hayward & Johnson

Study of Man's Work
Durant, Will

Story of Philosophy
Darwin, Charles

Origin of Species

Both of the above groups of books now stand ready for use in the Library, or may be taken home for more leisurely perusal. They, one and all, tell the story of man, individually or collectively.

Christmas Party Is Planned For December 22

Entire Student Body To Join In Annual Yuletide Program.

Dean Helen M. Scurr and her Committee are arranging for a Christmas party to be held in the auditorium, December 22, from four to six o'clock. There will be no regular classes during that time.

A vocal program is planned: three carols will be sung by the Glee Club; Ruth Allen and Marie Baggarly will sing; and Evelyn Bishop will entertain with a reading with musical accompaniment. There is also a tentative plan for selections by a male quartet.

For their attention during the first part of the program, the kiddies will be rewarded by seeing Santa "in the real" and receiving presents. Inasmuch as this is the Year of Our Depression, 1931, the gifts will cost no more than ten cents a piece.

Following the distribution of the gifts, there will be refreshments and dancing.

Miss Scurr has chosen the following as her assistants:

Gilbert Miller,
Paul Rheinfeld,
Evelyn Bishop,
Dorothea Lyons,
Mildred Simendinger,
Cait Lewis,
Helen Acardi, and
Marie Baggarly

You have often wondered who Santa was. There is inside information that his initials this year are—Sshhh!

Basketball Squad Opens Season's Sport Program

Team Will Clash With Alumni Hoopsters On December 23.

The opening event of the Junior College winter sports program was the basketball game with Pawling school at Pawling, N.Y. on Saturday, December, 12.

Although Coach White has been handicapped by the lack of experienced material, he has whipped into shape a fighting team led by co-captains Katz and Gall.

The squad has been practicing two nights each week for the past month, and as yet Coach White has not cut any one from the ranks. The members of the squad include: M. Katz, D. Gall, S. Wynne, Shorty Dorio, H. Zubkoff, Joe Lifshiz, J. Coughlin, R. Laws, S. Wolch, J. Cody, J. Discepolo, Red Thomas, Al Coles, T. Brill, and J. Freedland.

The following schedule was arranged by Manager Harry Bowman:
Pawling at Pawling—Dec. 12
Milford High at Milford—Dec. 19
Alumni at Bridgeport—Dec. 23
Connecticut Aggies at Storrs—Jan. 9
Arnold College at Bridgeport—Jan. 31
Fairfield High at Fairfield—Feb. 5
Stamford High at Stamford—Feb. 18
Arnold College at New Haven—Feb. 24

Tentative games with New Britain High School and Harding are in the offing.

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Professor Zampiere Discusses The Unusual Significance Of The Coming Year

Attendance At All Assemblies Is Encouraged

Student Opinion and Suggestions Revealed Thru Student Council.

The subject of attendance at assemblies was brought before the student body of the college in two separate meetings held on Friday, December 11, under the direction of the Student Self Government Association. The men's meeting was presided over by President Arnold Olson while the women's gathering was under the direction of Vice-President Dorothea Lyons.

No particularly constructive suggestions resulted from the women's assemblage, but the men of the college proposed several plans after having expressed their criticism of the present assembly system.

President Olson opened the men's meeting with a plea for voluntary attendance at all assemblies. He stated that compulsory attendance was quite undesirable, and that it would be entirely unnecessary if the student body would co-operate in increasing the good will toward the assembly period.

INCENTIVE FOR ATTENDANCE

Another student added to Olson's plea saying that better attendance at assemblies would provide an incentive for the presentation of better speakers.

Numerous men expressed their sentiments in questions, such as, "Why should we come, to uninteresting assemblies?" Another student stated, "Some assemblies are a waste of time. How has the school a right to waste an hour of our time? We would be criticized for wasting an hour in the locker room. An hour wasted is an hour wasted in any place."

Another suggested that if a good speaker cannot be obtained for an assembly, the assembly should be postponed until a later date. The practice of obtaining any speaker in order that the assembly may be held, if such has been the practice, results in lack of interest in assemblies on the part of the student body.

The most concrete suggestion of the day was a request for programs which are both educational and enjoyable. "Let us have a really constructive program," this speaker continued, "and let us eliminate kindergarten songs and the like." This remark was greeted with much applause.

"Would you suggest that songs be entirely eliminated from the program?" asked President Olson.

This question was answered by various students who expressed the opinion that songs were a valuable part of the assembly but that songs which are popular in grammar schools are not of the type suitable for college programs.

The question of whether speakers should be chosen from within or without the college was also debated. The opinion of the students was divided on this matter. However, all agreed that inasmuch as the best speech of the year was presented by Professor Zampiere, he should be requested to be the speaker again at the earliest opportunity.

Complete History of Each Year Is Told By Calendar.

"The year of 1931 goes slowly, almost with a funeral step, to its doom."

Thus mused Professor Zampiere, "le philosophe", of the Junior College, on the passing of this present year. He went on: "Already we begin to take from the wall the old calendars where can be seen visible signs of cobwebs and dust, calendars which are yellowish and often marred by fly marks of the past summer. The mail carrier prepares to bring new ones to take the place of the old. The nail is there on the wall, ready to receive the new burden, a silent witness of how light the paper weighs which registers the profits and losses, triumphs and failures, victories and disasters of twelve brief months of our experience. The calendar knows our private and public lives. It resolves all the uncertainties of our destinies—sometimes comic, sometimes tragic—and for nations as well as for individuals it brings alternately happiness and grief. There are beautiful calendars and ugly ones; calendars artistic or poorly-designed. They show the good taste and the poor taste of the composer and the editor. Regardless of artistry, a calendar is an object that moves on and makes us think. It classifies and co-ordinates the hours. It takes notice of the rhythm of planets and follows the going of the seasons. By means of a calendar we are able to grasp the idea of our ephemeral life that goes without rest, without regard to qualities of the human beings. It reminds us of the sad appeals of our foremost poets who sang: 'O youth, where art thou now? O my young years, wilt thou never return?'"

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CALENDAR AS RECORD

"In the calendar we find the names of saints, and the names of great patriots, according to rank, in heaven or upon the earth, and they bid us welcome every new day. Some of these are our intimate friends whose lives we know and admire, and whose spirit of sacrifice we would like to be able to imitate. Calendars register also in red letters the holidays of the states, and the holy days of the churches. They show the holidays that make children and students so happy, because on those days they do not go to school. They contain for us also the sign of the day of our own birth, and that of our dear ones. They serve as souvenirs teaching us how to do good and to be good."

"Calendars also register the fatal days of our disasters, which we try to forget, if we can. It is difficult to forget, but for our own good we ought to forget; and while we throw into the basket the old calendar, let us throw into oblivion the records that would hinder the normal development of our characters."

A SENTIMENTAL CENSUS

"The new calendar tells us to put a stop to our run down-hill."

"Let us stop," the calendar says, "and take an inventory of our life, if only for a few moments." We obey and make this inventory of the year that goes to the sun-set in order to assure the credit to the new year. In our social spheres we pass in review our domestic and worldly obligations. We renew old relationships and probably make new ones. The traditions of the last days of the year and the first days of the new, our wishes and our calls, our postal-cards and our letters, establish and regulate the accounts of our friends and resources. It is a sentimental census showing to us at a glance the position we occupy in the social world. Thus in these days we measure the curve of our destiny."

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SCRIBE

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Published By the Students of The Junior College of Connecticut.

EDUCATION KEEPS YOUNG

In the hustle of American life, much stress has been placed upon the importance of keeping young, both mentally and physically. The successful business man is ever alert to keep abreast of the times. It is gratifying to note that in the field of education, college courses are also advancing with the times.

A survey has disclosed that among the courses which are offered for college students this year are: Elementary Chinese, Japanese and Russian; the history and analysis of prohibition laws; restaurant management, catering and cooking, and how to carve meat at the guest table; conduct in the home; Sociological-psychological aspect of motion pictures; finger-printing, police methods and practice; aerodynamics and aircraft design; instruction in federal income tax procedure.

The School of Public Administration at the University of Southern California offers instruction in city building codes and police reporting. The Oklahoma A. and M. College at Stillwater presents home economic courses for men, with instruction in the selection of food and clothing as well as home furnishings.

No doubt many authorities will object to some of these courses as being unworthy of a place in colleges and universities. However, the courses are optional and in most instances have been instituted at the request of students. Worthy or unworthy, wise or foolish, these unusual courses offer definite proof of the fact that American colleges and universities are keeping young.

FOOTBALL AS A COLLEGE SPORT

In recent years football has gained great prominence as a college sport. When hundreds of thousands of spectators crowd the stadiums of various colleges from coast to coast throughout the pigskin season, there can be no doubt of the public's acceptance of the game.

However, the numerous casualties suffered by players during the past season together with the prominence given to these events by the press have brought forth hundreds of questions; such as, "Is football worth what it costs?"

Reports point out that thirty men have been killed in the game this season. This list is probably incomplete, and the list of the injured is seldom known. The tragic deaths of Cadet Sheridan of Army and Cornelius Murphy of Fordham are sad examples.

The popularity of football will necessarily suffer from such conditions. Various writers have already advanced proposals, such as the elimination of the flying wedge play, which are intended to make the game less deadly.

The actual proposals which will do the most to remove the fatal element from the game must be advanced by the experts. Just what these proposals will be, we do not know. However, it is certain that some effective measures should be taken in this direction.

COLLEGE THEORIES VS. PRACTICE

The American public seems to delight in criticizing colleges and universities for their policy of teaching theory. They advance the principle that theory is of little or no importance; that practice is all that seriously matters.

It is true that our colleges and universities offer little opportunity for their students to gain actual practice in any particular field. Yet it is equally true that the theories offered for careful consideration are of practical value. The principles taught in colleges and universities are sound. They have proved their worth in practice and have stood the test of time. They are the result of keen, analytical observations and as such their value cannot be over-estimated.

The study of well-established principles to be followed by actual practice certainly seems to be a more logical development than the opposite process which is so generally advised. The student who knows the theory of any process understands both the cause and result of its action. The man who has only practice as his guide may never fully understand the cause of the common principle which he uses daily.

Everyone learns something by experience. However, the theorist has the added advantage of knowing the probable results of his efforts before he starts his project. Thus he is able to direct his efforts in the most efficient channels. The average man finds out his mistakes after he has completed his work, while the theorist, knowing the probable results of each action before he starts, avoids the errors which have been pitfalls for his predecessors.

It cannot be denied that practice is essential for success in life. However, theory is a highway to better and more efficient practice. As a source of knowledge of theory, colleges and universities answer a definite need in the world.

The staff of the Junior College Scribe opens its third volume with a sincere welcome to the members of the faculty, both old and new, and to the students of both the day and evening divisions.

Despite the depression, despite the dreaded disease of developing debts, despite the deadly dearth of daily doings, despite the doleful defenders of dialectics in our district, despite the dextrous diction of distinguished and discreet demands, despite the deliberate and determined dribblings of dampers, despite the density of despair by our dawdling dyspeptic denouncers, despite the deep and doubtful downfall into a "desperate dungeon,"

inations, despite the doleful doom demanded by dreary dwarfs, we declare that day has dawned; and having demonstrated our diligence, deafness to derision, and dauntless durability, we do dedicate and distribute our dainty but dynamic and didactic, our deep and direct, our denuding, detecting, and diverting discourses to the doughty defenders of the disobedient Scribe. Our motto: "We Dast Defiance".

The staff of the Junior College Scribe wishes to publicly express its appreciation to the Trustees of the college for their timely assistance and cooperation in this year's publication of



Abie: "Papa, vot iss science?"
Papa: "My, my—How could you be so stupid? Vy science are dose tings wot sez, 'No smoking'."

"Bill" West (to Bob Turney): "Do you notice that my 'Hup's' motor is quieter now?"

"Bob": "Yeh, what did you do to it?"

"Bill": "Oh, I just loosened a couple of fenders."

Justice: "How did the accident happen?"

Student: "I was just hugging a curve."

Justice: "Yeah! that's the way most of them happen."

Mrs. (sternly to husband arriving at 3:00 A.M.): "What does the clock say?"

Mr. (genially): "It shay 'tick-tock'; an' the 'il doggies shay 'bow-wow', an' the 'il pshy-cats shay 'meow-meow'."

Zimmer (to Bowman): "What happened to you and that girl you used to go with? Did something come between you?"

Bowman: "No, the old man came from behind."

Moeller used to, during his summer vacations, paint miniature paintings. It so happened that he painted a certain design on the wall of a large room. Later, he met one of his dear old-maid friends, and she exclaimed:

"Oh, Mr. Moeller, I saw that painting, and it made me think of you so much that I bent over and kissed it."

"Well", "Al" said, "did it kiss you back?"

"No", she replied.

"Then it wasn't me", said Moeller.

Hutchins: "Look here, Guggenheim, how is it that your answers are the same as Herman's?"

"Bill": "Well, you see, Mr. Hutchins, history repeats itself."

"Bill" West (to "Dot" Lyons): "Do you object to petting?"

"Dot": "That's one thing I've never done yet."

"Bill": "Petted?"

"Dot": "No, objected."

The students in the Freshman Spanish class are getting atmosphere by holding bull throwing sessions in the locker room.

Soph. (at his boarding house). "Gee, Mrs. Jones, your steak is like the weather this evening, rather raw."

Landlady, "And by the way, your account here is like the weather too, —unsettled."

Galvin defending Poe in American Lit. class. "One always feels more like moralizing and repenting on the morning after the night before."

Dean Scurr—"Does one?"

Swain in Advanced Comp. class—"Don't think of this essay as having been written by me."

Prof. Goulding aiding Kellogg over a difficult passage in Spanish class—"He was a virgin."

Kellogg—"That must be she."

Can you identify these Professors by the following:

"People, people, people!"

"Speaking in the vernacular."

"What's the trouble is."

"And so force."

"Para la próxima vez, escriban un poema—"

Who was it who went to the supply room is Chem. Lab. and asked for a glowing splint?

Thomas claims that since he has been eating yeast, he has taken a personal interest in Rudy Vallee's per-

Miller—"How do you like my police dog?"

Guggenheim—"He doesn't look much like a police dog."

Miller—"Maybe that's because he's in the secret service."

Coughlin after hearing Prof. Ballou's lecture on the war started to quizz Marsh about war-time tactics.

Coughlin—"What would you do if the enemy was as thick as peas?"

Marsh—"Shell them, of course."

Moeller—"Did I hear you say that you got that gun for a song?"

Herman—"Yes, the next one you start."

Prof. Hutchins—"Have you ever had any stage experience?"

Miss Bishop—"Well, I had my arm in a cast once."

Freedland reports a fast one after a recent trip to the dentist.

Dentist—"That's funny, you said this tooth had never been filled before, yet I find some small gold flakes on the end of the drill."

Freedland—"Gee, you've struck my back collar button."

Take it or leave it, but this is reported as Lillian Reilly's favorite story. A minister in a small country town one day posted the following notice on the church door:

"Brother Brown departed for Heaven at 3:45 A.M." The following day he found an addition which read, "Heaven, 8:30 A.M. Brown not here as yet. Great anxiety."

The frail—"Don't you love driving on a night like this?"

Kellogg—"Sure, but I thought I'd wait until we got a little further into the country."

Ask Galvin if you wish to prove it, but this is the way they tell it. While taking a sight-seeing bus around Berlin, the guide remarked, "We are now passing the most famous brewery in Berlin." "We are not," contradicted our young philosopher as he hopped off.

Olson hopped a trolley one day this summer as he was returning from a game of golf at Beardsley Park. As he crowded into a seat, he sat on a package of sausages which had been placed there by a rather plump lady.

She turned to him and said, "Pardon me, boy, but do you play golf?" Olson was somewhat surprised at the question, but replied that he did.

"Well, then, would you mind getting off my links?"

Moore had a job as an office boy this summer, and he pulled one prize boner. His boss gave him instructions to keep all people away from the office. "If they say their business is important, just tell them that that's what they all say."

Two hours later a lady called at the office and insisted on seeing the boss. "I am his wife," quoth she.

"That's what they all say," replied Moore.

One of the lads was stopped by the strong arm of the law the other day.

"In a hurry, eh!" says the cop.

"What's your name?"

"Eli Murphy Zalinger."

"What's the Murphy for?"

"Protection."

'Tis rumored that Wiggie gave up a secretarial position to come to Junior College. The job had no future in it. Why? Well, the boss was already married.

Whether you like them or not, we swear (!!) that the above comments were gathered and written in

NONSENSE AND ?

(Ideas expressed in this column and any special column are not necessarily in line with the editorial policy of the Scribe.)

Greetings, you half-wits. (An author's writings never appeal to persons of higher intelligence than his own.)

Three cheers and a piano stool for the boys of J.C.C. Are they gullible? No. Out of sumpin't sumpin lads of the locker room, not a single one totes a cigarette lighter.

This week's prize for the best exhibition of hard-heartedness to Bill (William) West. When one of our local Knights of the Road approached Brother Bill with the familiar, "Gimme a dime for a sandwich, sonny?" Willie assumed his Public Speaking class posture and replied with appropriate gestures, "Let me see the sandwich first."

'Tis whispered that Gil Miller had a rather difficult time explaining in American Lit. how Benjamin Franklin wrote the story of his life for the benefit of his ancestors. (Now don't get out your technical English and ask, whose ancestors?)

Among the few facts remaining with me from my high school History is something about the burial place of Abraham Lincoln being at Springfield, Ill. Then again, it seems that recently I heard something about "Lincoln's tomb" at Washington.

Of course it's only a suggestion, but if some one were to remove the paper from the butts, ejected from a certain second story window, a few of the lads might be able to continue with their pipe smoking despite the depression.

Ever since a recent noteworthy occurrence, various members of the unfair sex have been observed studying books on plumbing, with a special interest in a chapter entitled, "How water mains break or may be broken."

I was beginning to wonder why so many of the college romances have broken up lately—until I happened to remember that it's almost Christmas.

Speaking of Christmas, allow me to caution you to plan ahead for this big event. Last year I faced one of life's biggest problems when Christmas eve arrived and found me with my extra pair of socks in the laundry.

While we are on the question of holidays, I wonder if we should not award one of our weekly prizes to the makers of those indigestion pills called "Tums" for their action in mailing out samples on the day before Thanksgiving?

Well, so long! any of you who (yoo hoo!) value your time so little as to have reached this point of the column. Adieu, Hasta mañana, and Goom bye!

P.S. As soon as I get hold of a few more shoe polish boxes and brush up on my Italian, I'll have the old farewell ready for you in the grand old musical language. In the meantime (and oh, how mean time can be!) we finish? conclude? end? or terminate? our P.S. discourse with those stirring lines: So long until I can afford a new typewriter ribbon.

A BALLAD OF J. C. C.

A crowd of the boys were sitting around

In a corner of the room;
The lad who sat in the corner seat
Was planning his enemy's doom.
Some one arose and an arm went up:
He aimed with a steady eye;
I dropped to my feet, and just as I did,
A piece of chalk went by.

Something is queer I thought to myself,

Yes, something surely is wrong;
I turned to my right, and then I heard
Four boys burst into song.
They started off with a lively tune
And ended with a crash;
An eraser flew across the room;
The curtain—a five inch gash.

I thought to myself as I turned around,
The end of the world has come.
For every one sat stiff and straight
And every one was mum.

I wondered what had caused the change
And what had dimmed the roar;
So I looked up and there I saw

COACH H. F. WHITE ORGANIZES COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM

At a meeting, Monday, December 7, it was definitely decided by the candidates present to organize a hockey team. The meeting was in charge of Coach White who expressed his personal enthusiasm for such an organization. Coach White has had considerable experience both playing with and coaching hockey teams. He stated that the possibilities for a strong hockey team were favorable.

Of those who reported, the majority have some hockey equipment, and Coach White stated that additional equipment could be procured at a small cost. Such equipment as jerseys, gloves, shorts, sticks, and shin guards can be purchased through Coach White very reasonably.

It has not yet been decided where practices or games will be held, but such places as Seaside and Beardsley Parks were regarded as favorable. What teams will be played also remains undecided.

Preparatory and High School teams appear as the most likely opposition. However, the place and time of the practices and games will be announced later. With cold weather rapidly approaching, early practice is contemplated.

ELEVEN CANDIDATES OUT

Up to the present time, eleven candidates have signified their intentions of playing. The candidates for wings (right and left) and center are: Turney, Lalley, Thomas, Coughlin, and Kellogg. The defense and goalie posts will be filled by: Lee, Sullivan, Rheinfield, Bundock, Hart, and Marsh.

Through the medium of the Scribe more candidates are asked to turn their names in to some member who has already signed up. Those who like to skate but who have not had very much experience in playing hockey are also asked to join the team. The team also asked at this time for the support and patronage of the student body, in games to come.

I WONDER

Beatrice Barefacts

I wonder why certain Sophomore girls become so interested in a maroon Ford - - - on rainy days only.

I wonder if Lalley brought his dog to Assembly to keep from falling asleep or to insure a complete roll call?

I wonder if "deah old Hahvard" is just "Phil" of excitements for Evelyn G. Bishop.

I wonder why European History students aren't given "rain checks".

I wonder where Swain copies his essays from—the Fairy Book?

I wonder why a certain Freshman girl sighs "Aw Gee" everytime Dennisoff's name is mentioned. Look out "Lil", he may be "Russian you".

I wonder if all the "poor fish" in Junior College are in Professor Everett's tank? How about it, Marsh?

I wonder if Marge Dunn kept warm at the Yale game. It must have been her blanket—it couldn't have been—f'even's sake!

I wonder if Lifshiz gets a piano after smoking 10 boxes of those cigars. (Editor's note:—After 10 boxes of those cigars, he'll want a harp—not a piano).

I wonder if Kellogg really believes the girls "go big" for him.

I wonder if Robinson was just "too hot for Paris?"

I wonder what girl would get into that "lettuce crate" Bill West pilots.

I wonder if the "gross ignorance outside of class rooms" is confined to students.

I wonder if "Pansy" will die from falling arches—Samson did.

I wonder what Cody meant when he said he was "through with cigarettes!" Through buying them?

I wonder if all those who are so deft at "chiseling" in class plan to be sculptors.

I wonder if Professor Goulding will ever lose his temper and unflinching sincerity. Diogenes may well extinguish his lantern.

I wonder if the failure of a certain novelty shop on Main Street was a Sophomore conspiracy.

I wonder if Dean Wallace's theme song is "You call it madness, I call it

GIRL'S BASKETBALL CONTINUES AS COLLEGE SPORT

As part of the Athletic Program for the Junior College of Connecticut a basket-ball team for girls has been organized. The girls meet on Mondays and Tuesdays at the Bassick Junior High School gymnasium from five to six o'clock. The team is very promising, and Coach White has high hopes for its accomplishments. The first game of the season was played with Storrs College on December 12, and other games are being arranged with the Fairfield High School Faculty, Norwalk High, Danbury High, Westport High, and the Junior Guild.

The girls on the team are Marjorie Platt, manager and forward; Dot Lyons, captain and forward; Flo Barron, center; Evelyn Bishop, side center; Helen Dikeman and Chary Demarest, guards.

Sylvia Zucker, Betty Kulscar, Lillian Riley, Kate Dillon, Sophie Mallay, Miriam Lustig, Helen Powers, Mildred Simendinger and Muriel Wilkinson are also on the squad.

STUDENTS AND FACULTY FORM BOWLING LEAGUE

A bowling league has been formed among the members of the faculty and student body under the direction of Coach White and Manager John Discepolo.

At the present time, four teams have been organized. The first team is composed of Prof. White, Captain; Prof. Hutchins, Prof. Everett, and John Discepolo.

Captain Milton Herman, I. Frankel, J. Smith, and Paul Rheinfield make up the second team. The third aggregation consists of Arnold Olson, Captain; Egbert Marsh, E. Zalinger and P. Del Vecchio. The fourth team is composed of Captain Jablon, A. Moore, J. Lifshiz, and W. Goodrich.

The members of the league will meet every Wednesday from 4 to 6 at the Y.M.C.A. for the remainder of the bowling season.

Manager Discepolo is arranging a schedule of games, and the victorious team will be awarded a trophy at the close of the season's activities, thru the courtesy of Harvey Weston, manager of the "Y" alleys. Individual high scores will also be rewarded.

I wonder if a certain Professor is in "cohoots" with Sahcology.

I wonder if that same Prof. was "all burnt up" a few weeks ago.

I wonder if a particular Prof. could lecture if he had to stay in one place in Amer. History.

I wonder if Dean Scurr really objects to women smoking.

I wonder where a new black Auburn sedan goes evenings.

I wonder what type of vehicle Freedland's Pluto 6 is registered as. (Where'r your other "roller skate" Jerry?)

I wonder if any Freshman has an average I.Q.

I wonder if "Pete" Kellogg has 4 horns on his car just to "blow" about himself.

I wonder how students carrying heavy schedules can be expected to do "outside" reference work when books can't leave the library.

I wonder if a certain Math. Prof.'s theme song is "Am I Ballou?"

I wonder why we always sing the same old songs in Assembly.

I wonder how often a certain Franklin will be in Danbury this winter.

I wonder if Wallingford is all "Dunn" for with Marsh.

I wonder if Rheinfield is an Indian.

I wonder why the girls smoke only in the locker room window so they can be seen.

I wonder if Dean Scurr's "puddle jumper" will have to be pushed every time it rains.

I wonder if Prof. Alexandroff will ever be arrested for speeding.

I wonder if Creevy ever had a "close shave." Tsk! Tsk!

I wonder if Schevill could pass Dean Wallace's history tests.

I wonder if Bowman still says, "When I was in Du ponts".

I wonder why you read this column

NEWLY FORMED FENCING CLASS GROWS STEADILY

A new sport has been introduced into Junior College this year, the grand old art of fencing. This activity was begun chiefly through the efforts of Captain Bill Guggenheim with the approval of Coach White.

At the present time, eight students have joined the class. Plans for the establishment of fencing were first made early in the season, and the class has been drilling in the rudiments of the sport for the past two months.

Members of the group have purchased their own equipment to which they will add as necessity demands. Regular classes have been held each Tuesday in the basement of the new addition.

The "charter members" of the class were Bill Guggenheim, Gil Miller, Bill West, and Bert Marsh. Victor Hart, Burnham Robinson, Nicholas Spineili, and James Thomas are now members of the group.

Chivalry is no more. Alas! Alas! Alas! We see no more coats thrown in the gutters for dainty feet to tread upon. Of course we must be fair. Maybe it is because there are no more dainty feet; maybe the price of coats has gone up.

The Sir Walters are now jay-drivers who ride blithely through the mud puddles near the curb showering the fair with beautiful impartiality.

The Sir Lancelots cruise about in snooty roadsters, crooning, "Goin' my way?"

AUNT MINNIE

(Promises not to black-mail)

Write and pour out your precious little hearts to your dear old Aunt Minnie. She, out of her years of experience, can give you advice such as you would never receive elsewhere.

Whether it is a question of etiquette, style, beauty; whether you are in love difficulties (and who is not?); or whether you want to know when to do what or what to do when—ask Aunt Minnie; she knows.

A few hints on etiquette, my darlings:—

1. Never pick a bone in company; put it away where you can find it when the company has gone.

2. When dining out in a strange house, do not allow your plate to be removed until you have made sure there is going to be another course.

3. If your hostess is unbearable, be polite to her; you can always content yourself by sending her a Black-Hand letter.

4. Never chew gum audibly; it's an expensive practice (too many chiselers).

5. In dismounting from a trolley car (cheap-skate), the gentleman should always precede the lady; so many people have been killed by automobiles lately!

Dear Aunt Minnie:—

How can I get rid of my crossed-eyes?

Maizie Mumps.

Simple, m'dear—ver-y simple! Pretend you're going to look north and south; then fool them and look east and west; that ought to untangle 'em.

Dear Ant Minie,—

I yam in turabl diffyculti. There is a fulla whooz in luv with me. What kin I do to ditch um. I yam inclozin my picher.

Aggie Iggleby

Your photograph tells me that all is lost. Evidently, he was bitten by a June bug when he was a child.

Dear Aunt Minnie:

There is a girl who weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds. She's making a big nuisance of herself? What can I do?

Ham Hamlet.

The future looks rather dark for you. When a girl is determined, look out! However, you might ask her as a personal favor to reduce. Then she would not be such a big nuisance.

Dear Aunt Minnie:

My sweetheart is a sailor. My parents won't let him come near the house. How can I make them meet?

Salome.

Leave it to him. All sailors should

Professor Zampiere Discusses the Unusual Significance of the Coming Year

(Continued From Page 1)

"Will this social introspection give us pure joy without sadness? Who amongst us, even in most enviable positions do not feel the melancholy wave that today engulfs the whole world? Humanity's nerves and muscles are ailing, and its veins still spill blood out of wounds not yet closed. Humanity tries to recover from the tremendous upheaval that caught her unawares. War has displaced, so to speak, our moral planet. The temples of civilization show cracks here and there. Human beings look at each other without knowing themselves. Conquered and conquerors suffer the same social cataclysm. The poison of war has produced these destructive effects.

"And our calendars have registered all these days of sorrow and trials and madness. Yes, we throw this calendar into the basket without regret because it registered more debits than credits. We fervently hope that the new calendar, going to be hung on our wall, registers triumphs that will honor humanity."

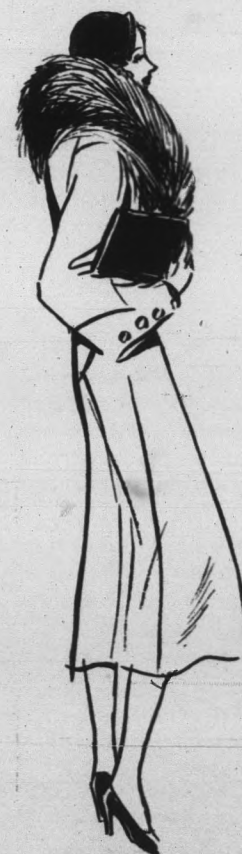
Basketball Squad Opens Season's Sport Program

(Continued From Page 1)

Some of last year's stars, Ray Hapfel, Joe Blackham, and Bud Lovell, are making a special effort to come home for the Alumni contest. With these boys opposing the present varsity, the game should provide plenty of excitement. Joe Blackham, incidentally, was Captain-elect for this year but unfortunately transferred to DePaw University, Indiana.

Ben Sternberg and Ted Greenberg, who are now playing with leading New York basketball combines, are getting in touch with the other members of last year's team in order to have a strong quintette ready to meet the present varsity.

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Pres. Cortright Announces Alumni Activities

Many Alumni Events Are Included On Holiday Program.

President E. Everett Cortright issued an announcement today to all previous students of the school inviting them to attend a reunion which will be held at the college library on Tuesday, December 29, at 10:30 A.M. The officers of the Sophomore class will join with the faculty as a committee of welcome.

Phi Theta Kappa initiation will be held at 11:15, for members of the chapter only.

President Cortright also announced that the Alumni Association luncheon will be held at the Stratfield Hotel at 12:15. The Alumni Christmas Reunion and formal dance will take place at the Stratfield Ballroom at 9:00 P.M. Professor Pierre S. Zampiere, Alumni faculty adviser, has announced that members of the faculty, the student body, and their friends will be welcomed at the dance as well as members of the Alumni. An excellent orchestra will furnish the melody for the occasion. Tickets may be obtained at the office of the college.

Assessment 75 cents.

The Scribe Two Months Ago

The faculty of the Junior College of Connecticut has two new members this year; Mr. Harold Hutchins, Professor of English Composition, Public Speaking, and American History, and Mr. William Everett, Professor of Biology and Psychology.

Professor Hutchins majored in English at Wabash, Indiana, and received his A. B. degree in 1925. He studied during the summer of 1926 at Chicago University, and in the summer of 1928 and the following year at Columbia, where he earned his M. A. degree. He taught writing and English literature at Alabama Polytechnic Institute during the school years of 1929 and 1930.

Professor Everett obtained his B.A. degree at Mercer University in 1924, and also his B. S. and M. A. degrees at the same college. He then taught psychology and biology for three years at Missouri Junior College. Professor Everett received a fellowship from Duke University, where from 1928 to 1929 he did research work. In 1929 and 1930 he taught at the Junior College Division of Emory University, Georgia State Woman's College. Professor Everett belongs to the society of Phi Sigma, the National Biological Fraternity, and the American Association of University Professors. At present Professor Everett is working on a thesis for a Ph.D. degree, doing research work on the life history of the amoeba proteus.

On the evening of October tenth the freshmen had their first taste of College social-life—and seemed pleased with the flavor. They were entertained and officially recognized by the sophomores.

The dresses ranged from sports attire to formal evening wear, giving the ballroom of the Stratfield a strangely cosmopolitan air.

There were a few specialty dances, in which prizes were taken by James Hothan and Margaret Reilly. These, along with the grand march, did quite a bit towards weeding out the wall flowers of both sexes.

The faculty, to all appearances, enjoyed the reception as much as did the students. They entered into the spirit of the occasion, and, figuratively speaking, helped demolish a huge amount of ice.

Alfred Moeller, Evelyn Bishop, and Dorothea Lyons displayed their dramatic talent in a skit entitled: "Lapse of Memory".

May I add that the belle of the eve-

PHI THETA KAPPA BEGINS THIRD YEAR AT COLLEGE

The Alpha Iota Chapter of Phi Theta Kappa is entering its third year as an institution of the college, with the following officers: president, Dorothea Lyons; vice-president, Bradford Hoyt; secretary, Prudence Card; treasurer, Chary Demarest. These officers together with Doctor Ropp, the faculty adviser, and Helen Dikeman who was recently initiated are carrying on the work of our chapter of the association which embraces Junior Colleges throughout the country.

Plans are under way for a meeting to be held during the Christmas holidays at which time all former members of Phi Theta Kappa will be present and will aid in the initiation of new members.

SEVENTEEN NEW TRANSFERS SHOWN IN ENROLLMENT

Of the 142 students enrolled in the day division of the Junior College this September 127 were admitted from high-schools and 15 from preparatory schools. Central High School of Bridgeport leads the list with 47 of its graduates and Harding is second with 27. Stratford High School again leads in the number of out-of-town students, with Fairfield and Milford close seconds. There are representatives from Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania institutions as well as from numerous schools in Connecticut.

Twenty-two cities, several of which are outside of Connecticut, have sent students to the Junior College.

Seventeen students have transferred to the classes of the Junior College from other colleges and universities.

DR. W. V. LYTLE NEW PRESIDENT OF DEFIANCE COLLEGE

At an impressive ceremony on October 31, 1931 Dr. W. Vernon Lytle who last year was Visiting Professor of Psychology at the Junior College of Connecticut, was inducted as president of Defiance College, Defiance, Ohio. Dr. Lytle was heartily welcomed by representatives of the Student Body, the Faculty and the Trustees.

In his inaugural address President Lytle traced the history of the American college, and expressed his plans and aims for the future of Defiance College.

Do spats make the man—foolish? When will "Prof." Herren cease "Reaching For The Moon"?

What's the use of cutting class if no one notices your absence?

Some day when he has time, Dean Wallace'll tell us more about Sphlillup II.

We hear our Glee Club promises to be a howling success.

Since the ban upon speech in the locker-room vicinity, quite a few are going in for mental telepathy.

We could tell some cold facts about our radiators.

They say daisies tell, but we hope pansies won't.

He who gets stung can verify that "History is elastic."

It's too bad some of our students have to "wake up" long enough to eat their lunch.

They tell me it's much nicer to say "Home, James!" than to drop in a nickel.

During times of depression, must we even economize on common sense?

We must get "Prof." Hutchins an arm chair with a foot rest.

You can't get much light on any subject in the library these days.

Mister Galvin believes the weak have no use and should be scrapped. Dear! Oh, Deah! Think of the funeral pyre of all such cerebellums in J. C. C.

Some people can't even be true to two girls at the same time.

It must be grand to have a "deep appreciation of music" along with "a poetic soul". Ahh! Socrate's advice to "Be thyself" would have fearful results in many cases, I'm thinkin'.

The Test of a Gentleman

There he stood, the remnants of a once perfect derby in his hand. The judge leaned reflectively upon his third chin and closed his eyes.

The prisoner was charged with assault and battery. Two tearful ladies testified, giving two black eyes and two lacerated heads as evidence.

"Before I pass sentence", droned the judge, "has the prisoner anything to say in defense of himself?"

The culprit completed the destruction of his hat, shot his cuffs, and cleared his throat. "Your Honor, I was sitting on the end of the row in a moving picture house. The picture had begun and I had settled down to enjoy it.

"Suddenly I received a vicious kick in the shins. Two ladies fell over me into the two seats next to mine. Being a gentleman, I controlled myself.

"Immediately they were on my feet, as well as theirs again, leisurely taking off coats and hats. I was the recipient of many bumps in the eye from their flying arms and had to crawl under the seat to secure a bag for them.

"Believing I had satisfied them by telling them the time and the name of the picture, I took the handle of their umbrella out of my ribs and settled down once more.

"The movie was spread with humor and tragedy. They would ponder over a joke and minutes later burst out hysterically during a death scene. They were continually losing the thread of the story and discussing aloud the possible plot.

"One suddenly discovered that life for her would end on the spot if she did not have a drink of water, and without further ado made an exit, lingering lovingly on each one of my coins. No sooner had she gone than she was back—this time keeping time to the music on my bunion.

"A lady in back of me had a child who constantly bellowed, 'I wanna go home'. His mother loudly told him to keep quiet—people wanted to hear the picture. She then went on to tell of the sweets he would be given if he did and the whacking he would get if he didn't. The thought of the licking evidently touched off the fuse. Being a sensitive child, he bawled and bawled at the mere idea of punishment.

"In this turmoil, the 'lolly pop' he had been sloshing up and down on my head slid down inside my collar. Upon the loss of this instrument of torture, he went into convulsions and tried to follow it.

"When the disturbance had quieted down, and the child and his mother were escorted out by an usher, the seat in back was taken by an old gentleman who at intervals would let out a whoop, and sneeze down my neck where the lolly pop was still cementing my shirt and skin. He was profuse in his apologies, rapping me on the head with the knob of his cane to ask me if he were disturbing me. To this I would reply, "No", with fervor. You see, I was still a gentleman.

A party of young girls banged in past me, stepping on my hat. Not being satisfied they trooped out again, jabbing me in the stomach. They finally decided it was the better place after all, and repeated the agony.

"I had reached the stage where I was biting my fingers and clutching the arms of my seat. My bunions danced; my corns pranced; my head ached from the constant rapping; the all-day sucker was beginning to melt; the umbrella had made a groove in my ribs.

"There is a limit to all human endurance. There is a point where the mouse will turn on the cat. There is the time when one more straw will cave in the camel's hump. This straw appeared in the shape of an usher who told me I was in the wrong seat. Many a man has become insane upon less provocation. With a wild yell, I jumped up and smacked him one in the stomach, and he folded up like a camp chair. I leaped over and banged the heads of the two ladies together until they rattled. I grabbed the old man's stick and whacked every one in the row on the pate with it. By this time the police had come in, and my sanity had gradually returned.

"But, your Honor, . . ."

The judge came out of his coma sufficiently to say, "My man, it has happened to me many times—I know how it is. Ten days and costs for being a gentleman and neglecting your duty as a citizen—you should have committed

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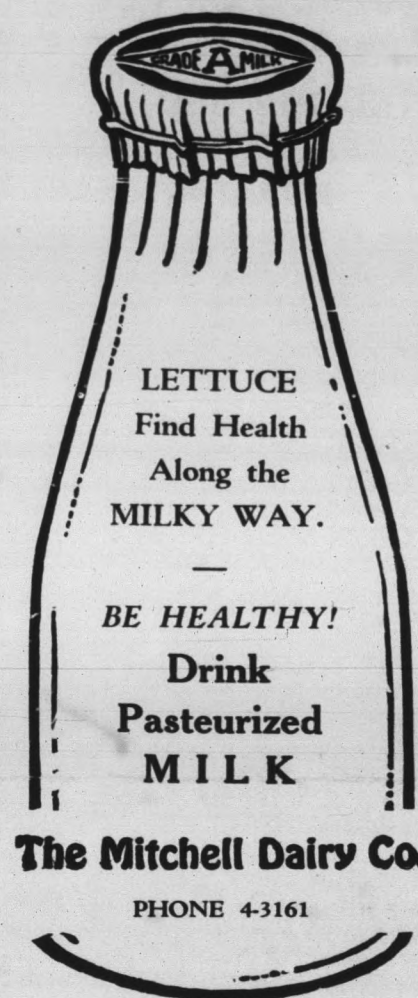
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Winter'll soon be here. I suppose the campus (!) foot-ball enthusiasts'll bring their sleds. Goody! Goody!

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